



*THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE*



KING HENRY THE FOURTH—PART II.

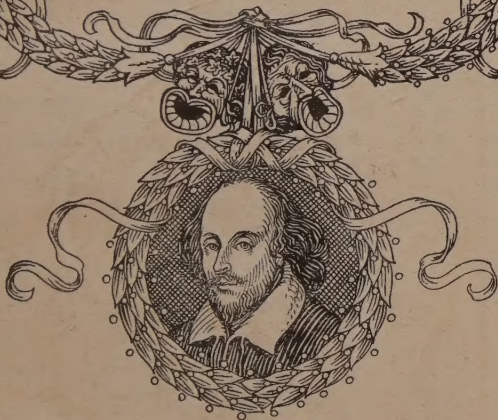


EDUARD GRÜTZNER, PINT.

Falstaff and Page.

SHAKESPEARE

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV



1908

CASSELL & CO LTD

LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK
TORONTO & MELBOURNE

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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

KING HENRY THE FOURTH, Part II.,¹ is not up to the spirit and freshness of the First Part; all continuations do fall off, and this is no exception to the rule. How are Hotspur and the first impression of Falstaff to be equalld? Even Shallow cannot make up for them. There's a quieter tone, too, in this Part II., though the rhetorical speeches are still kept up by Northumberland and Mowbray. The king leads, not at the head of his army, but in his quiet progress to the grave. The most striking speech in the play is Henry the Fourth's on sleep—to be set against Hotspur's fiery words in Part I. And as illustrating the change in Shakspeare's manner of work as he grew, let us set this sleep-speech (III. i., p. 89) of the Second Period against the sleep-speech of the Third Period²:—

¹ Probably written 1597-8. Entered in the Stationers' Registers August 23, 1600; publisht in Quarto in 1600. The Folio text is from a different original, having many lines that are not in the Quarto, while the Quarto contains passages not in the Folio. The play ranges from Hotspur's death, July 23, 1403, to Henry V.'s accession, March 21, 1413 (1412-13). Its dramatic time is nine days, represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, and with intervals; for the whole, "a couple of months would be a liberal estimate."—P. A. Daniel, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, pp. 288-9.

² Ten Brink adopted this contrast from me.

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“How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush’d with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull’d with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavst the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common ’larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy’s eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes?—
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

“*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep! the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.”* (II. ii., p. 50.)

Contrast in the Second Period the single idea and its elaboration, though justified by Henry’s meditative

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mood, with the many short, pregnant metaphors of the Third Period, each left to the hearer's own mind to work out, quite in Shakspeare's later budding style—seven metaphors in four lines. Yet surely Macbeth might well have expanded his thoughts. Any man less filled with his subject, less crowded with thought, than Shakspeare, any man like the writer of *Edward III.*, would surely have availed himself of this splendid chance to "show off." The contrast of Duncan wrapt in sleep's security yet pierced with murder's knife, the contrast of innocent sleep with the guilty deed, its balm his bale, its nourishment his poison, would have tempted a smaller man—but not Shakspeare in his Third Period. Each metaphor has its touch, and then off.

In *Henry IV.*, Part II., the lower rank of people come more to the front. We've more prominence than before, given to the low tavern life, the country squire and his servants, the administration of justice in town and country, which Shakspeare's long experience made him sneer at, as against the knightly life of the former Part, notwithstanding its carriers. This prepares us for the fuller sketches of contemporary middle-class life in *The Merry Wives*. The chief characters of Part I. are further developed. Though the hand of sickness is on the king, yet "Ready, aye ready" is still his word; and as soon as Hotspur is beaten, another army marches against Northumberland and the Archbishop, whose two separate rebellions Shakspeare has put into one. But his cares tell on him: the chronicler Hall calls his reign the "unquiete tyme of Kyng Henry the Fourth." His mind goes back

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o'er the troublous past, thinks on his old close friendship with his now foe Northumberland, and the dead Richard's prophecy of their falling out. And as the past has little to comfort him, so the future has less. His son's going back, like a sow, to wallow again in the mire, cuts him to the heart, as sovereign even more than as father:—

“ O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants ! ”

2 *Henry IV.*, Act IV., sc. iv., p. 145.

Was it for this that he'd sufferd exile, riskt his life, won England, and held it with his strong right hand ? Surely a pathetic figure—the strong man worn with care, disappointed in his dearest wish, the labour of his life made vain. Still, comfort was to come ; the son who once before won back his father's willingly-forgiving heart, again spoke words that again at-oned them. And in the king's last speech to his gallant heir, we see the man's whole nature—wily to win, strong to hold, a purpose in all he did ; not perhaps a hero, but a ruler and a king, a father, too.

Such political lesson as Shakspeare preacht in these plays was, that tho', like Elizabeth's crown, the succession to it might not be clear, the way to hold it was to govern strongly and well, and that the sovereign must not only attack his foes at home, but unite the nation by foreign war, as Henry the Fifth, Napoleon, Cavour, and Bismarck did. For Prince Hal : we have one unworthy scene, two worthy ones. The

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shadow of his father's death-sickness is on him, and he goes for relief—half disgusted with himself—(feeling that every one would call him a hypocrite if he looked sorry) to his old, loose companions. But there's not much enjoyment in his forced mirth. He feels ashamed of himself, and soon leaves Falstaff and his old life for ever—"let the end try the man," as he says. It is clear that he now feels the degradation of being Falstaff's friend and Poins's reputed brother-in-law. On hearing of the war again, as in Part I., he changes at a touch, and is himself. The next time we see him is by his father's sick bed, and again he wins to him his father's heart. But surely by a bit of Falstaff-like cleverness, and want of truth. Compare his first speech to the crown, with his second giving an account of it to his father. But one part of that first speech he meant; that he'd hold his crown against the world's whole strength; and that was what King Henry wanted. When Hal becomes king, his treatment of his brothers, the Chief Justice, and Falstaff is surely wise and right, in all three cases.¹ One does feel for Falstaff; but certainly what he ought to have had, he got—the chance of reformation. What other reception could Henry, in the midst of his new state, give in public to the dirty, slovenly, debauched, old sinner who thrust himself upon him, than the rebuke he did? Any other course would have rendered the king's own professed reform absurd.²

¹ Compare, on this point, what the MS. says in Part II. of Dr. Brie's edition of *The Brut*.

² The history and state characters of the play are mainly from Holinshed's Chronicle, with the variations noted in Courtenay's "Com-

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In Falstaff, we have in this Part II. the old wit and humour, the old slipperiness when seemingly caught, the old mastery over everyone, till the triumph should come, when comes catastrophe instead. But we have more of the sharper, the cheat, the preyer on others (the hostess, Shallow, the soldiers at the choosing), brought out. The slipperiness is seen in his answers to the Chief Justice's attendant, the Chief Justice himself, the hostess, Prince Hal, and Doll. (His excuse for dispraising Hal before Doll is repeated by Parolles for abusing Bertram to Diana in *All's Well*.) The scenes with Shallow and Silence, and the choice of soldiers, are of course beyond the reach of praise. We cannot help noting the use that the old rascal meant to make of his power over the young king:—

“ Let us take any man's horses ;
The laws of England are at my commandment.
Happy are they which have been my friends ;
And woe to my lord chief justice.”

His end here is imprisonment for a time ; and worse, to be chaffed by Shallow the despised, and not return it. This prepares us for his fate in *The Merry Wives*. The moral is the same as that of *Love's Labour's Lost*. What is mere wit so valued by men really worth ?
Wit

“ Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow, laughing hearers give to fools.”

mentaries on the Historical Plays,” i. 75-159. Hotspur, Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, are altered at will by Shakspere. The “artillery” of Part I., Act I., sc. i. p. 28, of course, means bows and arrows, as in 1 Samuel xx. 40.

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"The rogues," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "all come to a bad end. Falstaff dies in obscure poverty, Nym and Bardolph get hung in France, Pistol is stripped of his braggart honour, and even the 'boy and the luggage,' as Fluellen puts it, are killed together. Poins alone, the best of the set, vanishes silently, without a word as to his fate; and so that wild crew breaks up and disappears, leaving the world to laugh over them and their leader for ever. (If Falstaff was drawn from a living man, that man must have been a little Irish; no purely English brains work quite so fast.¹)" The contemporary allusions are still kept up in this play. We have the landlady's disjointed talk, which Dickens reproduced for his Victorians, the Wincot of *The Shrew* Induction again, the tradesmen who "now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles," the coming in of glass drinking-vessels for silver ones, specially noted by Harrison (my edition, p. 147), the Thames tide in Act II., sc. iii., p. 71, as in the *Rape of Lucrece*, the University and Inns of Court, the school-boys' breaking-up, the Cotswold man. All through, the play is Shakspeare's England. We may also notice in it the dwelling on special words, as "security," "accommodate," "rebellion," like Falconbridge's "commodity," and Lucrece's "opportunity." The Epilogue of the play promises a continuation, in which Falstaff is to die of a sweat in France—

"One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will con-

¹ And yet the English Shakspeare created him.

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*tinue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."*¹

"This half-promise," says Munro, "was never fulfilled. When *Henry V.* appeared with fair Katharine of France, all that we learn of the jovial, fat Jack is the news of his death. The continuation of his story in *The Merry Wives*, said to have been at the request of Queen Elizabeth, continues the quarrel between him and simple Shallow, and shows him older and less nimble, less quick in mind and more blunted in wit, less of a witty tyrant and more of a butt for others."

Munro adds: "In the second part of *Henry IV.* the ravages of civil war have done their work: the old rebellion has been crushed. Hotspur, Glendower and Douglas, three notable characters, pass out of the story; Pistol, Shallow, Silence, and the two young princes come in. The old king, once so full

¹ That Falstaff was first called Oldcastle in the play, we know also from *Old* having been printed at the head of the speech, "Very well, my lord, very well," in the Quarto, 1600, of 2 *Henry IV.*, Act I., sc. ii. p. 41, and from Prince Hal calling Falstaff in 1 *Henry IV.*, Act I., sc. ii. p. 32, "My old lad of the castle," &c. That he was called Oldcastle even after Shakspeare had altered the name, is clear from Nathaniel Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1618:—

"Did you never see The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle, Did tell you truly what this 'honour' was?" (see 1 *Henry IV.*, Act V., sc. i. p. 145-6)." Oldcastle's Lollardism (he was martyred December 25, 1417) had brought him into disrepute with the "society" of his time, and Shakspeare, no doubt, took up at first the unjust tradition, but altered it on learning the facts. Still, Falstaff is a Lollard, a degenerate Puritan. See my friend Mr. James Gairdner's interesting Paper in *The Fortnightly Review*, March, 1873. For early protests against degrading the noble Oldcastle into Falstaff, see pp. 249, 266, of Dr. Ingleby's *Century of Shakspeare's Praise*, 2nd ed., *New Shaks. Soc.*, and my additions to it, 1882.

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of energy and purpose, now feels the coming of death, and leaves the work to be done by his sons, among whom figures chiefly, in this respect, John of Lancaster. The scenes with the dying king, smitten in conscience and sorrowing for his unruly son, seem to throw a shadow over the whole play. Falstaff's escapades consist not so much in jovial wantonness as wanton vices; still, his old humor is with him, his old guile and villainy. Prince Hal, who has befriended him all along, has given him a page; and we may believe that he must have made money thru the wars. He makes a contract with a tailor, and gives his cutpurse companion, Bardolph, for a security. He is again confronted by the Justice; and with his old bluff escapes with nothing more than a severe reprimand for his follies and vices, the full effect of which is shown in his last naïve remark to the lawyer: 'Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound . . . ?' With all his old grey hairs and the half-century of infamy thru which he has past he still talks of himself as one of the wags 'in the vaward of our youth.' To poor Dame Quickly—who, with her companion Doll, is finally arrested, and not without great difficulty—the knight owes the considerable sum of 100 marks—a debt, like all others of Falstaff's, destined never to be paid. If we see Falstaff in less amusing escapades, we are gratified with more of his biography: Shallow tells us that he was once page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. In those days Shallow himself was of Clement's Inn, with other such famous fellows as little John Doit from Staffordshire, George

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Barnes, a dark fellow, Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele of the Cotswolds. Among such exalted and—according to his own bragging account—dashing society as this even, was Shallow, yeoman and justice, known as ‘mad’ Shallow, and ‘lusty’ Shallow, which names he earnd, no doubt, from his recklessness and devilry, having fought with Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer (and, we may believe, a formidable antagonist), behind Gray’s Inn on the very day that Falstaff, the future knight and soldier, broke Skogan’s head at the courtgate. The mad days they all had! They had heard the chimes at midnight,—but that was in their young days when the warm blood is stirring; and they lay all night in a windmill in St. George’s field—an escapade connected in some way, perhaps, with a certain Jane Nightwork, who had had, fifty-five years or so before the battle of Shrewsbury, young Robin Nightwork by the old man of that name. They were a wild crew; ‘Hem boys!’ was their watch-word!

“Shallow, however, appears to have had an exaggerated idea of the part he playd in these youthful affairs. According to Falstaff he was then the very genius of famine, carvd fantastically like a forkt radish, and known to certain disreputable individuals as ‘mandrake.’ He learnt tunes off carmen, and claimd them as his own; and the only acquaintance he had with John of Gaunt was to have his head crackt by him for foolishly crowding among the marshal’s men in the tilt-yard. The truth is that ‘mad’ Shallow and ‘lusty’ Shallow existed nowhere but in the small

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imagination and large conceit of fussy, stupid Shallow, justice of the peace, seeking to ingratiate himself with Sir John Falstaff of the court, companion to Prince Hal, and soldier from the wars (as Shallow thought). On his credulity Falstaff played, suiting himself to circumstances with facility, and corroborating the narrow conceit of his gullible host. To us who have but lately seen the fat knight with his favorite Doll in the house of Dame Quickly, the vision of him eating the justice's pippins and caraways is ludicrous in the extreme.

“Falstaff's joy on the accession of Henry V. was natural enough. No doubt he had visions of himself seated in the king's palace, disposing of his enemies and promoting his dissolute friends. The whole kingdom of England was to be at his disposal, we may suppose, with himself as Chancellor, Bardolph as Justiciar, and Pistol as Treasurer! Other forces than he have been at work, however. With Prince Hal the days are past for good when he will strike the Lord Chief Justice about Bardolph, and get committed for it; and tho' he still plays the fool with the time, he sorrows over his father's sickness. He is again with Poins and his crew in London, when the poor, failing king asks after him in court. Warwick makes what excuse he can,—not that the Prince is behaving so for policy, as is intimated in Part I., but that he studies his companions like a foreign tongue in order to know them. Prince Henry is ready, however, for the trials and strivings of kingship; reproved once more, and in the most solemn and unforgettable manner,

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by the dying king, whose thought is ever for his poor bleeding country, the young prince, too eager for the crown, but nobly eager, makes those promises and resolutions that render his father's end easier, and his own life more noble.

"If Falstaff and his crew are certain of advancement, the Justice and his party are certain of dismissal. But a nature like Henry's could not pass thru these trials unchanged: civil war and princely responsibility have shown him the necessity of putting away for all time his youthful wildness; with the kingly crown on his brow, and the destinies of a realm dependent upon him, the nobler part of his nature is aroused, and he resolves to be king indeed. The rebuff that he gives Falstaff is a generous one; he allows him a competence to keep him from villainy, and the knight gets more than he deserves. The Justice, however, will not be denied: Falstaff and his gang are seizd; the king's palace, in which they might have dwelt, becomes the king's prison, and the world is rid of them all for a time,—not of Falstaff only, but of Hostess Quickly and Doll Tear-sheet too.

"The king himself is a pathetic figure. He has obtained possession of the crown by crooked ways, and his conscience smites him. He intends a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as a sort of penitence, we may suppose, but his opportunity never comes. His whole reign has been full of turmoil, plot and intrigue. The friends who raisd him to power, turn on him for his coldness. He is stricken by Hal's wantonness, and he fears most of all, that his dear land of

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England will suffer and go ill, when his own strong hand is removed by coming death. All this sorrow, this fear, this love for his country, find expression in his noble, passionate, reproving appeal to his son. We can realise the sorrow gnawing at his heart when we understand that, knowing how wrongly he snatched the crown, he sees, as a sort of consequence, only strife and dissoluteness in the future days of England. Hal's repentance, however, is complete, and the promise of better days is given.

“In connexion with the season of the play, Ellacombe says: ‘There is one flower-note in Act II., sc. iv., where the Hostess says to Falstaff, “Fare thee well! I have known thee these twenty-five years come peascod time,” of which it can only be said that it must have been spoken at some other time than summer. It is impossible to determine the season of the play from its references to plants and flowers’” (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880-6, p. 73).

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY.



THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.,*

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence,*

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,

PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER,

EARL OF WARWICK, EARL OF WESTMORE-

LAND,

EARL OF SURREY,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

BLUNT,

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTH-UMBERLAND,

SCROOP, *Arch-bishop of York,*

LORD MOWBRAY,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD BARDOLPH,

SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,

His Sons.

Of the King's Party.

Opposites to the King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, *Re-tainers of Northumberland.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

His Page.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

POINS.

PETO.

SHALLOW and } *Country*

SILENCE, } *Justices.*

DAVY, *Servant to Shallow.*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART,

FEEBLE, and BULL-CALF, *Recruits.*

FANG and SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*

A Porter.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c., RUMOUR, the Presenter, A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

SCENE—ENGLAND

INDUCTION

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND's Castle

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues

Rum. Open your ears ; for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencéd on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomise
Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?
I run before King Harry's victory ;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I

To speak so true at first ? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stooped his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumoured through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty sick. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learned of me : from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs.

[*Exit.*

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—The Same

Enter Lord BARDOLPH

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here ? ho !

The Porter opens the gate

Where is the earl ?

Port. What shall I say you are ?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walked forth into the
orchard :
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every
minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will !

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish :—
The king is almost wounded to the death ;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts
Killed by the hand of Douglas ; young Prince
John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field ;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

North.

How is this derived ?

Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence ;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely rendered me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnished with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you ?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turned me
back

With joyful tidings ; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.

He asked the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head ; and starting so,
He seemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. *Ha !—Again.*
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck ?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what :
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by
Travers
Give then such instances of loss ?

L. Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witnessed usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burned :

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—‘ Your son did thus, and
thus ;

Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;’
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise

Ending with—‘ Brother, son, and all are dead.’

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;
But for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !

He that but fears the thing he would not know

Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others’ eyes

That what he feared is chanced. Yet speak

Morton ;

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy’s
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye :

Thou shak’st thy head, and hold’st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :

The tongue offends not that reports his death ;

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,

Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news

Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remembered knolling a departed friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to Heaven I had not seen ;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breathed,
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death—whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp—
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-tempered courage in his troops ;
For from his metal was his party steeled ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead :
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear.
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor-
cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs ; and in his
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
And as the wretch whose fever-weakened joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now enraged with
grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch !

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoif !

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, fleshed with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland !
Let heaven kiss earth ! now, let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined ! let order die !
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summed the account of chance before you said,

‘ Let us make head.’ It was your presumise
That in the dole of blows your son might drop ;
You knew he walked o'er perils, on an edge,

More likely to fall in than to get o'er :
 You were advised his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger
 ranged ;

Yet did you say,—‘ Go forth ; ’ and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

L. Bard. We all that are engag'd to this loss,
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 't was ten to one ;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril feared,—
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : and, my most noble
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers : he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
Seemed on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion :

Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones ;

Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cause ;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak
truth,

This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me ; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge :
Get posts and letters, and make friends with
speed :

Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

King Henry IV—Part II

SCENE II.—London. A Street

Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water ; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me : the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now : but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will

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sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph : he would not take his band and yours ; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton ! pray God his tongue be hotter !—A whoreson Achitophel ! A rascally 'yea-forsooth' knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security !—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends

me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where 's Bardolph ?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield : an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close ; I will not see him.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes there ?

Atten. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Atten. He, my lord ; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg? Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

King Henry IV—Part II

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read

the cause of his effects in Galen : it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well : rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient : your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise : I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord,—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What, you are as a candle the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go :—I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times, that true valour is turned bearherd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ? and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John !

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost

it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding ; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it ; and the young lion repents,—marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion !

Fal. God send the companion a better prince ! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear, you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea ; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day ; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his

head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness that he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent by curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption

of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incenséd fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question, then, Lord Hastings,
standeth thus :—

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point :
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for,
indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lined himself
with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,
 Flattering himself with project of a power
 Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
 And so, with great imagination,
 Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
 And winking leaped into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
 To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,
 Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot,
 Lives so in hope as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds ; which to prove fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
 build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices, or, at least, desist
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work—
 Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up—should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model,
 Consent upon a sure foundation,

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Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair
birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possessed
The utmost man of expectation ;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five-and-twenty
thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much, Lord
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads : one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound

With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and
Welsh

Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland :

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
And being now trimmed in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times ?

They that, when Richard lived, would have him
die,

Are now become enamoured on his grave :
Thou, that threw 'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admiréd heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this !' O thoughts of men accurst !
Past, and to come, seems best ; things present,
worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set
on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids
be gone. [Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—London. A Street

*Enter Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her, and
SNARE following*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will 'a stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay: good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host No, nor I neither : I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once ; an he come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going ; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good Master Fang, hold him sure :—good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continuantly to Pie Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle ; and he's indited to dinner to the Lubbar's Head in Lumbert Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman : I pray you, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear ; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast to bear every knave's wrong.—Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose, Bardolph, with him.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH

Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang, and

Master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder, murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

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Host. Good my lord, be good to me ! I beseech you, stand to me !

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John ! what are you brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business ?

You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow : wherefore hang'st upon him ?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum ?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord ; it is for all,—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home ; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his ;—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John ? Fie ! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation ? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own ?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for

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these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration ; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her : the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness : if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor : I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do

wrong : but answer in the effect of your reputation,
and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower,—what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of
Wales

Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;—come no more
words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I
must be fain to pawn both my plate and the
tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and
for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the
story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in
water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-
hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it
be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 't were
not for thy humours, there's not a better wench
in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy
action. Come, thou must not be in this humour

with me ; dost not know me ? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles : i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

Fal. Let it alone ; I'll make other shift : you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together ?

Fal. Will I live ?—[*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her, with her ; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper ?

Fal. No more words ; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord ?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night ?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well : what is the news, my lord ?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back ?

Gow. No ; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord! tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me ; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got ; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace it is to me to remember thy name ! or to know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note of how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ; namely, these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones ! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use !—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows

better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland : and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom ; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault ; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly ! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell to thee—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend—I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those

two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. [*To the Page.*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. 'A called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was

delivered of a fire-brand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers !—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town : there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master ?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician ; but that moves not him : though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog ; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself ; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, 'There is some of the king's blood spilt :'

‘How comes that?’ says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower’s cap; ‘I am the king’s poor cousin, sir.’

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. ‘Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.’—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. ‘I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:’—he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.—‘I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may’st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters; and SIR JOHN with all Europe.’

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That’s to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune !
but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the
time ; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds,
and mock us.—Is your master here in London ?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he ? doth the old boar feed
in the old frank ?

Bard. At the old place, my lord,—in East-
cheap.

P. Hen. What company ?

Page. Ephesians, my lord,—of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him ?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly,
and Mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be ?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kins-
woman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are
to the town-bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned,
at supper ?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord ; I'll follow
you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no
word to your master that I am yet come to town :
there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well ; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH and *Page.*]
—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Albans and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull, a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice, a low transformation ! that shall be mine ; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, and *Lady* PERCY

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs :

Put not you on the visage of the times
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no
more :

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these
wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear
Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost,—yours and your
son's :

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven : and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practised not his gait ;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish.

Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him ; so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him,—O wondrous
him !

O miracle of men !—him did you leave—
Second to none, unseconded by you—
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible :—so you left him.
Never, O, never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him : let them alone.
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong :
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;

Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the arméd commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son ;
He was so suffered ; so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'T is with
my mind

As with the tide swelled up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way :
Fain would I go to meet the árchbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland : there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern, in Eastcheap

Enter two Drawers

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him, there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. Despatch:—the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

King Henry IV—Part II

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TEAR-SHEET

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la; but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—'What's this?'—How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was:—Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.—Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, *singing*

Fal. 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan [*Exit Drawer*]'—'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll ; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry,—our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. ‘Your brooches, pearls, and owches :’—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know : to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another’s con-firmities. What the good-year ! one must bear, and that must be you : you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead ? there’s a whole merchant’s venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I’ll be friends with thee, Jack : thou art going to the wars ; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer

Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live among my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best :—shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here : I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now :—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John : there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me : your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day ; and, as he said to me,—'t was no longer ago than Wednesday last, — 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he ;—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then ;— 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil ; for,' saith he, 'you are in an ill name :'

—now a' said so, I can tell whereupon ; ' for,' says he, ' you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : receive,' says he, ' no swaggering companions.'—There comes none here :—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, i' faith ; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound : he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer. [*Exit Drawer.*]

Host. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater ; but I do not love swaggering : by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—' swagger.' Feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I ? yea, in very truth do I, an't were an aspen-leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page

Pist. God save you, Sir John !

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light? with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain ! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain ? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave ! for what ? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house ?—He a captain ! hang him, rogue ! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain ! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word 'occupy,' which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted : therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I : I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph ; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first ;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs ! down, faitors ! Have we not Hiren here ?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet ! it is very late, i' faith. I beseeke you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed ! Shall
 pack-horses,
 And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
 Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
 Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
 And Trojan Greeks ? nay, rather damn them with
 King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
 Shall we fall foul for toys ?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very
 bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient : this will grow to
 a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs ; give crowns like pins !
 Have we not Hiren here ?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such
 here. What the good-year ! do you think I would
 deny her ? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
 Come, give's some sack.

Se fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.—

Fear we broadsides ? no, let the fiend give
 fire :

Give me some sack ; and, sweetheart, lie thou
 there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here, and are *etceteras*
 nothing ?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif ; what ! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down-stairs ! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down-stairs ! know we not Galloway nags ?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling : nay, an 'a nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down-stairs.

Pist. What ! shall we have incision ? shall we imbrue ?— [*Snatching up his sword.*
Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days !

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three ! Come, Atropos, I say !

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward !

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down-stairs. [*Drawing.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult ! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So ; murder, I warrant now.—Alas,

alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and PISTOL.*

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain?

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music

Page. The music is come, sir.

King Henry IV—Part II

Fal. Let them play :—play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll.—A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

*Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS,
disguised like Drawers*

Fal. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of ?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow : 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit ? hang him, baboon ! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there's no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then ?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness ; and 'a plays at quoits well ; and eats conger and fennel ; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-

dragons ; and rides the wild mare with the boys ; and jumps upon joint-stools ; and swears with a good grace ; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg ; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories ; and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off !

Poins. Let 's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanac to that ?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,

King Henry IV—Part II

—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not!—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world: honest Ned,

none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him ;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal ;—none, Ned, none ; no, 'faith, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us ? Is she of the wicked ? Is thine hostess here of the wicked ? Or is thy boy of the wicked ? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable ; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women ?

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other,—I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not ; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indict-

ment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking heard.]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to
blame,
So idly to profane the precious time
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

King Henry IV—Part II

Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good-night. [*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS,*

PETO, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah.—
Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

King Henry IV—Part II

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll, come;
[*Doll comes blubbered*] yea, will you come, Doll?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace

*Enter King HENRY in his night-gown, with a
Page*

K. Hen. Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of
Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these
letters

And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why, rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy
 slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging
 them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes ?—
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY

War. Many good-morrows to your majesty !

K. Hen. Is it good-morrow, lords ?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good-morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distempered,
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine.

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

K. Hen. O God, that one might read the book
of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea ; and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration

King Henry IV—Part II

With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book and sit him down and die.
It is not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;
Who like a brother toiled in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot ;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
[To WARWICK.] (You, cousin Nevil, as I may
remember)—

When Richard, with his eyes brimful of tears,
Then checked and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy ?
‘ Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;’—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bowed the state
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss.
‘ The time shall come,’ thus did he follow it,
‘ The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption ;’—so went on,

Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasuréd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness
Which should not find a ground to root upon
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities ;—
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong,

War It cannot be, my lord ;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared.—Please it your grace
To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

King Henry IV—Part II

To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseasoned hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel :
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Court before Justice SHALLOW's House
in Glostershire

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE meeting

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and
Servants, behind

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir ; give me
your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir : an early
stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good
cousin Silence ?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow ?
and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-
daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotsol' man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when 'a was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day

did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead !

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead !—'a drew a good bow ;—and dead !—'a shot a fine shoot :—John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead !—'a would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score ; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be ; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead ?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommo-

dated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or, when a man is, being, whereby, 'a may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand : by my troth, you like well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see : so, so, so, so : yea, marry, sir :—Ralph Mouldy !—let

them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; where is Mouldy ?

Moul. Here, an 't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John ? a good-limbed fellow ; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, an 't please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good !—In faith, well said, Sir John ; very well said.

Fal. [To SHALLOW.] Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to ; peace, Mouldy : you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent !

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside : know you where you are ?—For the other, Sir John :—let me see,—Simon Shadow !

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under : he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow ?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir,—a cough, sir,—which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, 't was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never : she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well ?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old ; she cannot choose but be old ; certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen !—Ha, Sir John, said I well ?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have ; in faith, Sir John, we have : our watchword was, 'Hem, boys !'—Come, let's to dinner ; come, let's to dinner.—Jesus ! the days that we have seen !—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW,
and SILENCE.

Bull. Good Master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go : and yet for mine own

part, sir, I do not care ; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends : else, sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but once ;—we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind :—an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince ; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bull-calf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you 'are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse ; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So :—
very well :—go to :—very good :—exceeding good.
—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped,
bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart : thou'rt a
good scab : hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master ; he doth not
do it right. I remember at Mile End Green,—
when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir
Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little
quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece
thus : and 'a would about, and about, and come
you in : 'rah, tah, tah,' would 'a say ; 'bounce,'
would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and
again would 'a come.—I shall ne'er see such a
fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.
—God keep you, Master Silence : I will not use
many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen
both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.
—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God
prosper your affairs ! God send us peace ! As you
return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance
be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the
court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*] On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ; he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible : 'a was the very genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. He came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies, or his Good-nights.

And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name ; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin : the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court ; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return ; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY,
HASTINGS, and others*

Arch. What is this forest called ?

Hast. 'T is Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please
your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers
forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'T is well done.—

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus :—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy ; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland ; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy ;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them
out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here ?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in
peace,

What doth concern your coming ?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary ;
I say, if damned commotion so appeared
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—

Whose see is by a civil peace maintained ;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
 touched ;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 tutored ;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ?—so the question
 stands.

Briefly to this end :—we are all diseased ;
And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war
To diet rank minds sick of happiness

And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion ;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which long ere this we offered to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wronged, and would unfold our
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms ;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?

Wherein have you been galléd by the king ?
 What peer hath been suborned to grate on you,
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
 To brother born an household cruelty
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us
 all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before,
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours ?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
 Construe the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time
 And not the king that doth you injuries.
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the king or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on. Were you not restored
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,
 Your noble and right-well remembered father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
lost,

That need to be revived and breathed in me ?
The king, that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce, compelled to banish him :
And when that Harry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their arméd staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
stayed

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw ;
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know
not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows on whom fortune would then have
smiled ?

But if your father had been victor there,

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry ;
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and
love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blessed, and graced, indeed, more than the
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience, and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them,—everything set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this
offer,

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ;
For, lo, within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good ;

Say you not then, our offer is compelled.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name :
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redressed,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form :
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes consigned ;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you,
lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet :
And either end in peace, which God so frame

Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells
me

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that; if we can make our
peace

Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is
weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances;
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,

And keep no tell-tale to his memory
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance : for full well he knows
 He cannot so precisely weed this land
 As his misdoubts present occasion :
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife
 That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
 As he is striking holds his infant up
 And hangs resolved correction in the arm
 That was upreared to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
 rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement ;
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'T is very true :
 And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
 Here is returned my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace.—My lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants

P. John. You are well encountered here, my cousin Mowbray.—

Good day to you, gentle lord árchbishop ;—
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better showed with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the Word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
 bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagined voice of God himself,
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up
Under the counterfeited seal of God
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And both against the peace of Heaven and him
Have here up-swarmed them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,

The time misordered doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,—
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the
court,—

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stood tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt ;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
While England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much
too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them
directly,
How far forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well ;

And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressed ;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restoréd love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word :

And thereupon I drink unto your grace. [*Drinks.*

Hast. [*To an Officer.*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army

This news of peace : let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will well please them : hie thee, captain. [*Exit Officer.*

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

[*Drinks.*

West. I pledge your grace : [*Drinks*] and if you knew what pains

I have bestowed to breed this present peace,

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You would drink freely ; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West.

I am glad of it.—

Health to my Lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

[*Drinks.*

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden
sorrow

Serves to say thus, 'Some good thing comes to-morrow.'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true.

[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is rendered : hark,
how they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;

For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night
together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to
stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already.
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord archbishop, — and you, Lord
Mowbray,—

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawned thee none.

I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.

But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums! pursue the scattered stray;
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and
COLEVILLE, meeting*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active

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fellow in Europe : my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others

P. John. The heat is past ; follow no further now,—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ? When everything is ended, then you come : These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts, and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not :—here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot : to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble : therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville ?

Cole.

It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither : had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stayed.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Exit COLEVILLE, guarded.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty;
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire; and, when you come to
court,

Stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a

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man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any

deed of courage ; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work ; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH

How now, Bardolph ?

Bard. The army is dischargéd all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I 'll through Glostershire ; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire : I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Westminster. The Jerusalem
Chamber

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY,
WARWICK, and others*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful
end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is addressed, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us till these rebels now afoot
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your
majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother ?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord.
at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?

He loves thee and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou may'st effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren :

Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will ;

For he is gracious if he be observed :

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity ;

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealéd in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observed :

Chide him for faults—and do it reverently—

When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth ;
But, being moody, give him line and scope
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas ?

Clar. He is not there to-day : he dines in
London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell
that ?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual
followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to
weeds ;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them ; therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
 In forms imaginary the unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Towards fronting peril and opposed decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him
 quite.

The prince but studies his companions
 Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the
 language,

'T is needful that the most immodest word
 Be looked upon and learned ; which once attained,
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will in the perfectness of time
 Cast off his followers ; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave
 her comb
 In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,

Are brought to the correction of your law.

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,

But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

The manner how this action hath been borne,

Here at more leisure may your highness read,

With every course in his particular.

[Giving packet.]

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT

Look! here's more news.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty;

And when they stand against you may they fall

As those that I am come to tell you of.

The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph

With a great power of English and of Scots,

Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

[*Giving packet.*]

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look
up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these
fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
pangs.

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin, that life looks through and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do
observe

Unfathered heirs and loathly births of nature :
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leaped them
over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb
between ;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire Edward sicked and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king re-
covers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
hence

Into some other chamber : softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Chamber

The KING lying on a bed : CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others in attendance

K. Hen. Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends ;

Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my wearied spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise !

Enter Prince HENRY

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now ! rain within doors, and none
abroad !

How doth the king ?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet ?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He altered much upon the hear-
ing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy,
He will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet
prince, speak low ;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with
us ?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the
king. [*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty,
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety! By his gates of
breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my
father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which Heaven shall guard; and put the world's
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me. This from thee

Will I to mine leave as 't is left to me. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK and the rest

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? how fares
your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?

Clar. We left the prince, my brother here, my
liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? where is he?
let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we stayed.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from
my pillow?—

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence :—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death ?—

Find him, my Lord of Warwick ; chide him
hither. [*Exit* WARWICK.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you
are !

How quickly Nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object !
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought,—their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry ; for this they have
Engrosséd and piled up the cankered heaps
Of strange-achievéd gold ; for this they have
Been thoughtful to invest their sons with arts,
And martial exercises : when, like the bee,
Culling from every flower the virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packéd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My Lord, I found the prince in the next
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny which never quaffed but blood
Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY,*
Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak
again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence ; and at my death
Thou hast sealed up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crownéd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form :
Harry the Fifth is crownéd !—Up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !

And to the English court assemble now
From every region apes of idleness !
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might ;
For the fifth Harry from curbed licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. Hen. [Kneeling.] O, pardon me, my liege !
but for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown :
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your
 majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposéd!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee de-
 pending

Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore thou, best of gold, art worst of gold,
Other less fine in carat is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal
 liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Hen. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry : sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown ; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou seest with peril I have answeréd ;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument : and now my death
Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchased,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could
do,

Thou art not firm enough ; since griefs are green,
And all my friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I might well lodge a fear
To be again displaced : which to avoid,
I cut some off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain and right must my possession be :
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK,
Lords, and others*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of
Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to my
royal father !

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
son John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare withered trunk : upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—
Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick !

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God !—even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.—
But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW's
House

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and *Page*

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away
to-night.—What, Davy, I say !

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you ; you shall not be
excused ; excuses shall not be admitted ; there is
no excuse shall serve ; you shall not be excused.—
Why, Davy !

Enter DAVY

Davy. Here, sir,

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy ;
let me see :—yea, marry, William cook, bid him

come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus ; those precepts cannot be served : and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat ?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook :—are there no young pigeons ?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had :—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

Shal. 'A shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir ?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor : that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir ; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship, truly, sir, these eight years ; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir ; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to ; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, Sir John ! Come, come, come ; off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph :—[*to the Page*] and welcome, my tall fellow.—Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit SHALLOW.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master : if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another : therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that

never had the ache in his shoulders ! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John !

Fal. I come, Master Shallow ; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace

Enter, severally, WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice

War. How now, my lord chief justice ? whither away ?

Ch. Just. How doth the king ?

War. Exceeding well : his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walked the way of nature,
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had called me
with him :

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you
not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself

To welcome the condition of the time ;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. O God, I fear, all will be overturned !

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, and others*

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good
morrow.

P. Humph., Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to
speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a
friend, indeed ;

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow,—it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assured what grace
to find,

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; 'would, 't were otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Fal-
staff fair ;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestalled remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY the Fifth, attended

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your
majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :
This is the English, not the Turkish court ;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you :
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad ;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured
I'll be your father and your brother too ;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I ;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your
majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—[*to the
Chief Justice*] and you most ;

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?

May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;

The image of his power lay then in me :

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth

Your highness pleaséd to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at naught,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person,

Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,

Be now the father, and propose a son ;

Hear your own dignity so much profaned,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdained,

And then imagine me taking your part,

And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
 After this cold consideration, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this
 well ;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words :—
 ' Happy am I, that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 And not less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.'—You did commit me :
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;
 With this remembrance,—that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practised, wise directions.—

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now :
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament :
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best governed nation :
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us ;
[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*] In which you, father,
shall have foremost hand.—
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remembered, all our state :
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Glostershire. The Garden of
SHALLOW'S House

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH,
the Page, and DAVY*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where,
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my
own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth :
—come, cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling,
and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all,
beggars all, Sir John : marry, good air.—Spread,
Davy ; spread, Davy ; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is
your serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good
varlet, Sir John :—by the mass, I have drunk too
much sack at supper :—a good varlet. Now sit
down, now sit down :—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

[*Singing.*] *Do nothing but eat, and make good
cheer,*

And praise heaven for the merry year ;

*When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon;—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: [*BARDOLPH and Page sit at another table*] Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear:—the heart's all.

[*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*] *Be merry, be merry, my wife
has all;*

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

*'T is merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.*

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this metal.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing.] A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,

And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. [Singing.] Fill the cup and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, Davy,—

King Henry IV—Part II

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ah! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggers, I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: 'a will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look, who's at door there, ho! Who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*

Fal. [*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]
Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [*Singing.*] *Do me right,
And dub me knight,
Samingo.*

Is't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY

Davy. If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL

How now, Pistol?

King Henry IV—Part II

Pist. Sir John, God save you !

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—

Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff !

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee ;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world, and worldlings
base !

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy
news ?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Sings.*] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

Pist. Shall Dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?

And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir :—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there's but two ways : either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth :
When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What ! I do bring good news ?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots : we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol !—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow : I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !
'Where is the life that late I led ?' say they ;
Why, here it is ;—welcome these pleasant days !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Street

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and
DOLL TEAR-SHEET

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I

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warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nuthook, nuthook, you lie ! Come on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal. An the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry !

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again ; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swunged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue ! you filthy famished correctioner ! if you be not swunged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might ! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come ; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay ; come, you starved blood-hound.

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Doll. Goodman death ! goodman bones !

Host. Thou atomy, thou !

Doll. Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal !

1 *Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Public Place near Westminster Abbey

Enter three Grooms, strewing rushes

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes !

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

3 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come
from the coronation.

1 *Groom.* Despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH,
and the Page*

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow ;
I will make the king do you grace. I will leer
upon him as 'a comes by, and do but mark the
countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—[*To
SHALLOW.*] O, if I had had time to have made
new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand

King Henry IV—Part II

pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter ;
this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal
I had to see him,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and
not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have
patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and
sweating with desire to see him ; thinking of
nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as
if there were nothing else to be done but to see
him.

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *obsque hoc nihil est* :
't is all in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;
Haled thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's
snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.]

Pist. There roared the sea and trumpet-clangor
sounds.

*Enter KING and his Train, the Chief Justice among
them*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal
Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most
royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain
man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what
't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee my
heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy
prayers;

How ill white airs become a fool and jester!

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;

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But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace ;
Leave gormandising ; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :
Presume not that I am the thing I was ;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be 't your charge, my lord,
To see performed the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

King Henry IV—Part II

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world : fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot conceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours : go with me to dinner :—come, Lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph : I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord ! my lord !—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.—

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH,
Page and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banished till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath called his parliament,
my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year
expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence ? [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer

FIRST my fear ; then my courtesy ; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my courtesy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I have to say is of mine own making ; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you—as it is very well—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this ; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your

debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

NOTES

Induc. p. 23. Rumour, painted full of tongues.—*Rumour* frequently figured in Elizabethan pageants. In *A Masque on St. Stephen's Night* 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* appears "in a skin coat full of winged tongues." (Cf. '*Pastime of Pleasure*,' Stephen Hawes.) The idea was derived from Virgil's description of *Fama*, *Æneid*, IV. 173, &c. (See too Chaucer's *House of Fame*.)

I. i. p. 33. To feed contention in a lingering act.—Upon which civil war drags out a long period of indeterminate strife.

I. i. p. 35. Doth enlarge his rising, &c.—Foments the popular desire of avenging Richard's death, for the sake of increasing his supporters.

I. ii. p. 37. 'Yea-forsooth' knave.—Alluding to the mild oaths of the trading citizens. (Cf. Hotspur's disdain of his wife's mild expletives, 1 *Henry IV.*, III. i. pp. 104-5.)

I. ii. p. 38. Paul's.—St. Paul's was a rendezvous for all kinds of social and business purposes, 'advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, and politics discussed'—(Nares).

I. ii. p. 38. The Lord Chief Justice.—This was Sir William Gascoigne.

I. ii. p. 41. Punish by the heels.—Send to prison.

I. ii. p. 43. I cannot go : I cannot tell.—Quibbling allusions to light coinage ; 'I cannot pass current : I cannot count as good money.'

I. ii. p. 44. Spit white.—A sign of health, and also of thirst—the latter sense would appeal most to Falstaff.

I. iii. p. 48. Flattering himself . . . thoughts.—Imagining himself to have command of forces which, at

his lowest estimate, far outnumbered the troops actually at his disposal.

I. iii. p. 48. **Yes, if this present quality of war, indeed, &c.**—This passage has been variously amended, but with no certain success. Monck Mason substituted 'induced' for the Folio reading '*indeed*.' Malone's correction of the Folio punctuation has been generally accepted, and the passage is thus paraphrased by Grant White: "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, &c. Indeed, this very action or affair—a cause on foot—is no more hopeful, &c."

I. iii. p. 49. **Against the French.**—Probably alluding to the French force of 12,000 men which landed at Milford Haven in 1405 and advanced to the aid of Glendower at Worcester, but ultimately retreated westward.

I. iii. p. 50. **The Duke of Lancaster.**—Prince John of Lancaster. The title never really belonged to Prince John; he became Duke of Bedford on the accession of his brother, Prince Henry, to the throne.

II. i. p. 53. **The Lubber's Head in Lumbert Street.** The 'Libbard's (Leopard's) Head' in Lombard Street.

II. i. p. 54. **Whose mare's dead?**—A proverbial phrase for 'What has happened?'

II. i. p. 58. **Gower.**—This is probably intended for the poet Gower, a devoted adherent of King Henry IV.

II. i. p. 58. **Glasses is the only drinking.**—The fashion of drinking out of glass in preference to silver or gold-chased vessels is attested by Harrison in his *Description of England*, 1587.

II. i. p. 58. **German hunting.**—Wild-boar hunting, the chief German sport, was a favourite subject in wash-drawings for wall-decorations.

II. ii. p. 61. **Discolours the complexion of my greatness.**—Puts me to a blush that ill-befits my noble rank.

II. ii. p. 64. **Red lattice.**—A tavern was commonly distinguished by red lattices (alluding to the colour of Bardolph's face).

II. ii. p. 65. **Althea.**—The page confuses Althea, mother of Meleager, who cast into the fire the "fatal brand" upon the preservation of which her son's life depended, with Hecuba, who, before the birth of Paris, dreamt she would bear a fire-brand.

II. iii. p. 71. **For all our loves.**—For the love we all bear to you.

II. iv. p. 73. **When Arthur first in court.**—Falstaff is humming snatches of the ballad entitled 'Sir Launcelot du Lake,' reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*.

II. iv. p. 78. **Have we not Hiren here?**—Probably a quotation from George Peele's lost tragedy, *The Turkish Mahomet and the Fair Greek Hiren* (i.e. 'Irene'). Pistol probably applies the name *Hiren* to his sword, from phonetic association with "iron."

II. iv. p. 79. **Hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, &c.**—A humorous perversion of two lines from Marlowe's '*Tamburlaine*':—

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia,
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"

II. iv. p. 79. **Feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.**—A burlesque version of two passages from an old play, *The Battle of Alcazar*, by George Peele. One, where Muley Mahomet, coming to his wife with lion's flesh on the point of his sword, bids her

"Feed then and faint not, my fair Calipolis,"

and subsequently where he says:

"Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe."

II. iv. p. 79. **Si fortune me tormente, &c.**—A corruption of '*Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta*' (Hanmer's reconstruction of Pistol's version)—'If fortune torments me, hope contents me.' A motto found in French as well as Italian, engraved on old sword-blades.

Notes

II. iv. p. 80. **Then, death, rock me asleep.**—The opening of a song attributed to Anne Boleyn.

II. iv. p. 80. **The Sisters Three.**—The three Fates, one of whom, Atropos, wielded the 'abhorred shears' which cut the thread of human life.

II. iv. p. 83. **Sign of the leg.**—The bootmaker's trade sign.

II. iv. p. 83. **Rides the wild mare.**—Plays at see-saw.

II. iv. p. 83. **The fiery Trigon.**—Alluding to the astrological division of the Zodiac into four '*trigons*,' one of which consisted of the three fiery signs (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); applied to Bardolph of the 'fiery' countenance.

II. iv. p. 87. **Contrary to the law.**—The contemporary dramatists frequently allude to the small success of the repeated statutes passed during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., forbidding the sale of flesh in Lent.

III. i. pp. 89-94.—This scene was omitted in Quarto I.

III. i. p. 92. **Cousin Nevil.**—The title Earl of Warwick belonged at this time to the family of Beauchamp, and did not pass to the Nevilles until Henry VI.'s reign.

III. i. p. 93. **The necessary form of this.**—The form which the instance before us necessarily assumed, the inevitable conclusion of this observation.

III. ii. p. 94. **Justice Shallow.**—This character probably serves to ridicule Shakspeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote. (Cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, especially the reference to '*the dozen white lutes*' (I. i. p. 18), the coat-of-arms of Sir Thomas Lucy.) But see Mrs. C. C. Stopes's book on *Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries*, 1907 p. 33, in which she denies that Shallow refers in any way to Sir Thomas Lucy.

III. ii. p. 95. **Page to Sir Thomas Mowbray.**—This is one of the few points of evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle; Sir John Oldcastle was actually in his youth page to the Duke of Norfolk.

III. ii. p. 95. **Skogan.**—Two famous persons of this name lived in the fifteenth century: (1) Henry Scogan, the Court poet of Henry IV. and friend of Chaucer, described by Ben Jonson in *The Fortunate Isles* as:

“A fine gentleman, and master of arts,
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the King's sons, and writ in ballad royal,
Daintily well.”

and (2) John Scogan, the Court jester of Edward IV., and the subject of *Scogin's Jest*s, an Elizabethan chapbook wrongly attributed to Andrew Borde, printed in 1565. Shakspeare apparently refers to the jester, but assigns him to the period of the poet.

III. ii. p. 102. **Two more called than your number.**—Apparently an error, as Shallow reckons six men in all, and only five have appeared.

III. ii. p. 103. **Harry ten shillings.**—The ‘Harry’ stands for either Henry VII. or Henry VIII., who first had the ten-shilling piece coined.

III. ii. p. 106. **Mile End Green.**—The chief ground for military drill and public archery competitions.

III. ii. p. 106. **Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show.**—*Sir Dagonet*, King Arthur's Fool in the legend of Tristram de Lyonesse. *Arthur's Show* was an exhibition of Archery by a society of fifty-eight citizens known as ‘The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie Laudable of Prince Arthure and His Knightly Armoury of the Round Table.’ The members took the names of knights in the old romance ‘*La Morte d'Arthure*.’ The character of this society, and the context of the reference here, are interesting indications of the small respect felt for the Arthurian legends.

III. ii. p. 108. **Sworn brother.**—The *fratres jurati* of chivalry; knights sworn to share all one another's vicissitudes of good and evil fortune.

III. ii. p. 108. **Philosopher's two stones.**—One a universal panacea; the other a transmutter of other metals into gold.

IV. i. p. 108. **Gaultree Forest.**—A large forest formerly existing to the north of the city of York.

IV. i. p. 111. **Turning your books to graves.**—Turning from your books to the dangers of war.

IV. i. p. 112. **Our most quiet there.**—‘Our complete yielding to the course of that stream.’ Warburton conjectured ‘*sphere*,’ which has been largely adopted; but this introduces a sudden transition from the simile of a stream to that of the position of the stars in space.

IV. i. p. 113. **My brother general, the Commonwealth, &c.**—‘The grievances of my general brother, the Commonwealth, and the home cruelty of my brother-born, cause me to make this quarrel my own.’ York’s brother, Lord Scroop, had been executed by Henry IV.’s orders (*see* 1 *Henry IV.* I. iii. p. 52).

IV. i. p. 116. **A true substantial form.**—A legally ratified pardon.

IV. ii. p. 121. **This Hydra son of war.**—This revolt has grown from your rejection of our grievances, as the heads of Hydra multiplied. *Hydra*, the monstrous serpent with many heads, each of which, when cut off, was succeeded by two, unless the wound was stopped by fire. It was destroyed by Hercules.

IV. iii. p. 127. **The very extremest inch of possibility.**—In the absolute minimum of time.

IV. iii. p. 131. **Commences it and sets it in act and use.**—Probably, as Tyrwhitt suggested, there is an allusion here to the Cambridge ‘commencement’ and the Oxford ‘act.’ These are the two names of the ceremony whereat the respective Universities confer the degree by which the student acquires a complete authority to ‘use’ his ‘hoards of learning.’

IV. iv. p. 135. **’Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb in the dead carrion.**—‘When the bee has once deposited her stores in the carrion, she commonly stays there.’

IV. iv. p. 138. **Unfathered heirs.**—Children of supernatural origin, like Merlin in ‘*La Morte d’Arthur*.’

V. i. p. 150. **By cock and pie.**—A trivial oath, by

popular association of the words with 'cock' and 'magpie,' but originally a solemn conjuration constructed of 'cock' = 'God,' and 'pie' (*pica*) = the Catholic breviary.

V. i. p. 151. **A friend i' the court, &c.**—A proverb occurring in *The Romaunt of the Rose* :—

"For frende in court aie better is
Than penny is in purse, certis."

V. i. p. 152. **William Visor of Wincot—against Clement Perkes of the hill.**—*Woncot* (Woodmancote) a village in Gloucestershire. 'A family of Visor or Vizard has been associated with it since the sixteenth century, and a house on the adjoining Stinchcombe Hill was then occupied by the family of Perkes.' (*Cf.* Madden, *The Diary of William Silence*, p. 86, quoted by Herford.)

V. ii. p. 157. **Amurath.**—Sultan of Turkey; Amurath III. dying in 1596, left a son Amurath; who, on coming to the throne, had all his brothers strangled, lest his succession—he being the second son—should be disputed.

V. ii. p. 160. **My father is gone wild into his grave.**—I have buried my wildness in my father's grave.'

V. ii. p. 160. **With his spirit sadly I survive.**—His staid and sober spirit now wholly animates me.

V. iii. p. 162. **You must bear—the heart's all.**—'You must excuse the poverty of the entertainment; goodwill's everything.'

V. iii. p. 164. **Do me right, &c.**—The refrain of an old drinking song. '*Do me right*' was challenge to drink. '*Dub me knight*.'—One who drank a health to his mistress, kneeling, was dubbed a knight for the evening. *Samingo* is Silence's contraction of San Domingo, regarded as the patron saint of toppers.

V. iii. p. 165. **King Cophetua.**—Referring to the ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid printed in Percy's *Reliques*.

V. iii. p. 166. **As nail in door.**—'Dead as a door nail.' The nail, or lump of iron on which the knocker strikes,

which, being struck so often without resisting, became typical of deadness.

V. iii. p. 167. "**Where is the life that late I led?**"—The title of a song, quoted also by Grumio in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

V. iv. p. 168. **Thin man in a censer**.—The hammered or embossed figure in the middle of the pierced cover of a censer, used in burning perfumes for fumigating.

V. v. p. 170. '**Semper idem**' for '**obsque hoc nihil est**.'—'Ever the same' for 'without this there is nothing'; rendered by Pistol: "All in all, and all in every part," an English proverb, of which he quotes the latter part. The later Folios substitute 'absque' for '**obsque**,' but doubtless the blunder is intentional.

V. v. p. 171. **Rouse up revenge, &c.**—Probably alluding to the end of Act IV. of Kyd's '*Spanish Tragedy*,' where the ghost cries four times, 'Awake Revenge.' *Alecto*, one of the Furies, whose head was wreathed with serpents.

V. v. p. 174. **Si fortuna, &c.**—Pistol again quotes his motto with a variation in the errors. Farmer pointed out that his use of the phrase in the present situation may be suggested by the tale of Hannibal Gonzaga, 'who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales called *Wits, Fits and Fancies* :

"Si Fortuna me tormenta
Il Speranza me contenta."

Epil. pp. 174-5. **Promise you infinitely**.—In the Quarto the concluding words, 'and so kneel,' &c., follow here, from which it is inferred that the intervening passage was introduced later,—but before 1600, when the Quarto was published. The authorship is also doubted, but it is probably Shakspeare's, the shorter version appearing in the original text, and the addition being made when 'Falstaff' was substituted for 'Sir John Oldcastle.'

GLOSSARY

Abated : reduced to a low temper, 'let down.' I. i. p. 31.
Abide : face, take the chances of. II. iii. p. 70.
Abroach : afoot. IV. ii. p. 120.
Accite : summon. V. ii. p. 160.
Accites : induces. II. ii. p. 63.
Accommodated : supplied. III. ii. p. 97.
Achitophel : Ahithophel, cursed by David for his misguidance of Absalom. I. ii. p. 37.
Aconitum : aconite. IV. iv. p. 134.
Addressed : equipped, prepared. IV. iv. p. 132.
Advised : aware, fully conscious. I. i. p. 34.
Affect : love. IV. v. p. 145.
Affections : desires, inclinations. IV. iv. p. 135; unruly tendencies. V. ii. p. 160.
Against : in anticipation of. IV. ii. p. 123.
Agate : an image cut in an agate-stone, such as would be set in a ring (alluding to the smallness of the page and his smooth chin). I. ii. p. 86.
Aggravate : Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'moderate.' II. iv. p. 94.
All : quite. IV. i. p. 115.
Allow : approve of. IV. ii. p. 121.
Anatomise : lay open, dissect. Induct. p. 24.
Ancient : ensign. II. iv. p. 75.
Angel : quibbling allusion to the coin, a gold piece worth ten shillings. I. ii. p. 43. (*See Notes.*)
Antiquity : age. I. ii. p. 48.
Appertinent : appertaining, proper. I. ii. p. 43.

Apple-john : an apple that keeps well, but for the shrivelling of the skin. II. iv. p. 72.
Apprehensive : quick of comprehension. IV. iii. p. 130.
Approve : prove. I. ii. p. 44.
Argument : subject, matter. V. ii. p. 155.
Arméd : spurred. I. i. p. 28.
Assemblance : appearance (in the aggregate). III. ii. p. 106.
At a word : in a word. III. ii. p. 107.
Atomy : Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'anatomy,' skeleton. V. iv. p. 169.
Atonement : reconciliation. IV. i. p. 118.
Attach : arrest. IV. ii. p. 125.
Attached : arrested, taken possession of. II. ii. p. 61.
Away with : abide, endure. III. ii. p. 102.
Awful : awe inspiring. V. ii. p. 158.
Awful banks : bounds of loyal reverence. IV. i. p. 116.
Balm : consecrated oil used for the anointing of the King at the coronation ceremony. IV. v. p. 144.
Band : bond. I. ii. p. 37.
Barbary hen : a fowl with feathers that grow in a natural ruffle and reversal. II. iv. p. 76.
Barson : for Barston, in Warwickshire. V. iii. p. 165.
Basingstoke : in the north of Hampshire. II. i. p. 59.
Basket-hilt stale juggler : worn-out performer of fencing tricks. II. iv. p. 77.

Glossary

- Bastardly**: Mistress Q.'s jumble of 'bastard' and 'dastardly.' II. i. p. 54.
- Bate**: quarrelling, contention. (Poins's stories being *indiscreet* enough to please the palates of his audience.) II. iv. p. 83; rebate. Epil. p. 175.
- Battle**: army. IV. i. p. 101.
- Bawl out**: cry out from. II. ii. p. 62.
- Baying**: driving him to bay. I. iii. p. 50.
- Bear-herd**: keeper of a tame bear. I. ii. p. 43.
- Bear in hand**: flatter and beguile with false hopes. I. ii. p. 87.
- Beavers**: movable front-pieces of helmets. IV. i. p. 114.
- Bed-hangings**: a contemptuous designation of 'tapestries.' II. i. p. 58.
- Beeves**: oxen. III. ii. p. 108.
- Being you are**: since you are appointed. II. i. p. 60.
- Beseek**: beseech. II. iv. p. 78.
- Besonian**: base fellow. V. iii. p. 166.
- Bestow**: behave. II. ii. p. 68.
- Bestowed**: spent. V. v. p. 169.
- Big**: pregnant. Induc. p. 24.
- Biggin**: nightcap (properly a coarse head-band worn by the *Beguines*, an order of nuns in Flanders). IV. v. p. 140.
- Bloody**: headstrong, full-blooded, impetuous. IV. i. p. 110.
- Blubbered**: sobbing. II. iv. p. 89.
- Blue-bottle**: alluding to the blue uniform of a beadle. V. iv. p. 168.
- Blunt**: unintelligent. Induc. p. 24.
- Bona-robas**: handsome and naughty wenches. III. ii. p. 95.
- Borne with**: laden with. II. iv. p. 87.
- Brave**: defy. II. iv. p. 81.
- Brawn**: mass of flesh. III. ii. p. 26.
- Break**: become bankrupt. Epil. p. 175.
- Bruited**: rumoured. I. i. p. 31.
- Buckle**: bend. I. i. p. 32.
- Bung**: sharper. II. iv. p. 77.
- Burst**: banged, broke. III. ii. p. 108.
- Busses**: kisses. II. iv. p. 83.
- By yea and nay**: beyond a doubt. III. ii. p. 95.
- Caliver**: a light musket. III. ii. p. 105.
- Calm**: qualm. II. iv. p. 78.
- Candle-mine**: tallow-catch, overflow of tallow. II. iv. p. 85.
- Cankered**: polluted. IV. v. p. 142.
- Cannibals**: Hannibal's. II. iv. p. 79.
- Capable**: susceptible. I. i. p. 34.
- Carat**: purity, quality. IV. v. p. 146.
- Caraways**: a kind of sweetmeat in which caraway seeds were the principal ingredient, usually eaten with apples at dessert. V. iii. p. 161.
- Cast**: reckoned up. I. i. p. 83.
- Cavaleros**: cavaliers, gentlemen. V. iii. p. 163.
- Chambers**: a large kind of ordinance. II. iv. p. 74.
- Channel**: gutter. II. i. p. 54.
- Chapped**: worn, wrinkled. III. ii. p. 106.
- Charge**: pledge. II. iv. p. 77; "in —," in position for charging. IV. i. p. 114.
- Cheater**: "a tame —," a low gamester, a sharper; understood by the Hostess to mean 'escheator,' an officer of the exchequer. II. iv. p. 76.
- Civil**: well-ordered, law-abiding. IV. i. p. 111.
- Clapped i' the clout**: hit the white mark or pin in the centre of the target. III. ii. p. 96.
- Close**: come to agreement, prove conciliatory. II. iv. p. 86.
- Coherence**: accord. V. i. p. 158.
- Cold**: calm, dispassionate. V. ii. p. 159.

Glossary

- Colour:** excuse. I. ii. p. 46; specious pretence. V. v. p. 173.
- Commit you:** i.e. to prison. V. ii. p. 158.
- Commodity:** profit. I. ii. p. 46.
- Common sense:** common instinct of self-preservation. IV. ii. p. 121.
- Commotion:** insurrection. IV. i. p. 110.
- Complices:** allies. I. i. p. 38.
- Concern:** "what doth —," what is the import of. IV. i. p. 110.
- Condition:** capacity as commander. IV. iii. p. 129.
- Confirmities:** Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'infirmities.' II. iv. p. 74.
- Confound:** exhaust, destroy. IV. iv. p. 184.
- Conger:** conger-eel (regarded as a provocative of passion). II. iv. p. 82.
- Consent:** agree. I. iii. p. 48; agreement. V. i. p. 153.
- Consigning to:** confirming. V. ii. p. 160.
- Consist upon:** insist upon, demand. IV. i. p. 117.
- Contagious:** abominable. V. v. p. 170.
- Continuantly:** Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'continually.' II. i. p. 53.
- Conversations:** habits. V. v. p. 174.
- Corporate:** Bullcalf's blunder for 'corporal.' III. ii. p. 103.
- Corpse:** corpses. I. i. p. 84.
- Cost:** costly enterprise, object of expenditure. I. iii. p. 49.
- Costermonger:** peddling, avaricious. I. ii. p. 43.
- Cotsol' man:** an athlete renowned in the periodical games and sports held on the Cotswold Hills. III. ii. p. 95.
- Court'sy:** curtsy. Epil. p. 175.
- Cover:** set the table. II. iv. p. 72.
- Crack:** pert little boy. III. ii. p. 95.
- Crafty sick:** feigning illness. (This has no historical support.) Induc. p. 25.
- Crosses:** coins stamped with a cross; quibbling on 'troubles,' 'afflictions.' I. i. p. 45.
- Crudy** = crude; nebulous. IV. iii. p. 130.
- Current:** genuine, punning on 'sterling.' II. i. p. 57.
- Curry:** curry favour. V. i. p. 153.
- Cuttle:** cut-purse. II. iv. p. 77.
- Dear and deep:** heartfelt and lacerating. IV. v. p. 145.
- Debate:** conflict. IV. iv. p. 132.
- Defensible:** able to inspire resistance. II. iii. p. 70.
- Depart:** quit. IV. v. p. 143.
- Derives itself:** passes in rightful succession. IV. v. p. 141.
- Descension:** decline. II. ii. p. 68.
- Determined:** ended. IV. v. p. 143.
- Devil's book:** the register of those sold to the devil. II. ii. p. 63.
- Discharge:** dismiss. IV. ii. p. 122.
- Discoverers:** scouts. IV. i. p. 109.
- Distempered:** "yet —," still indisposed, at present in ill-health. III. i. p. 91.
- Distracted her:** unhinged her mind. II. i. p. 56.
- Dole:** dealing, exchange. I. i. p. 33.
- Doubt:** fear. Epil. p. 175.
- Draw:** withdraw. II. i. p. 58.
- Draw our numbers:** muster our forces. I. iii. p. 51.
- Drollery:** probably a painting of some ludicrous incident. II. i. p. 58.
- Duer:** more properly. III. ii. p. 107.
- Dull:** soothing, soft, dulcet. IV. v. p. 139.
- Easy:** of little movement, a trivial matter. V. ii. p. 157.
- Ebon:** black. V. v. p. 171.
- Effect:** "in the — of," in a manner consonant with. II. i. p. 58.

Glossary

- Element**: "cinders of the —," the stars. IV. iii. p. 128.
- Endeared**: deeply bound. II. iii. p. 69.
- Ending father**: the father who is approaching death. IV. v. p. 142.
- Engaged**: committed, pledged. I. i. p. 84.
- Engrossed**: amassed. IV. v. p. 142.
- Engrossments**: "yield his —," his accumulations yield. IV. v. p. 142.
- Ephesians**: a cant term for boon companions. II. ii. p. 67.
- Equal**: match, cope. I. iii. p. 49.
- Ever among**: 'ever and anon,' an old phrase, used by Chaucer (*Romaunt of the Rose*, l. 3771). V. iii. p. 162.
- Exclamation**: outcry. II. i. p. 56.
- Exion**: Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'action.' II. i. p. 58.
- Extraordinarily**: Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'ordinarily.' II. iv. p. 73.
- Face-royal**: the face stamped upon a 'royal,' a coin worth ten shillings (quibbling on a 'royal face'). I. i. p. 37.
- Faltors**: evil-doers. II. iv. p. 78.
- Familiarity**: Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'familiar.' II. i. p. 56.
- Fancies . . . Good-nights**: common titles of little poems. III. ii. p. 107.
- Fantasy**: imagination. V. ii. p. 155.
- Fear**: a dreadful thing. I. i. p. 80; alarm. IV. iv. p. 138.
- Fearful**: terrifying. Induc. p. 24.
- Fennel**: a herb, regarded as provocative of passion. II. iv. p. 82.
- Fetch off**: fleece. III. ii. p. 107.
- Few**: "in —," briefly, in short. I. i. p. 31.
- Fig me**: insult me, by putting the thumb out between the fore and middle fingers, originally a Spanish gesture. V. iii. p. 166.
- Flap-dragon**: small pieces of burning substance set afloat in wine and swallowed flaming. II. iv. p. 82.
- Flaws**: "small blades of ice which stick on the edges of the water on winter mornings," and are soon melted by the sun. IV. iv. p. 183.
- Fleet**: the debtors' prison. V. v. p. 178.
- Fleshed**: made fierce. I. i. p. 33.
- Foin**: thrust. II. i. p. 52.
- Fond**: foolish. I. iii. p. 50.
- Fondly**: fatuously, irrationally. IV. ii. p. 125.
- Foolish-compounded**: made up of follies. I. ii. p. 36.
- Forehand-shaft**: an arrow intended to be shot straight forward and requiring 'a bigge breste, to bere the great myghte of the bowe.' III. ii. p. 96.
- Forgetive**: inventive. IV. iii. p. 130.
- Forms of hope**: hopeful possibilities. I. iii. p. 48.
- Forspent**: exhausted. I. i. p. 27.
- Fourteen and a half**: (score) = 290 yards. The farthest range of the sixteenth-century archers being 300 yards. III. ii. p. 96.
- Foutre**: a coarse expression of contempt. V. iii. p. 165.
- Frank**: sty. II. ii. p. 67.
- French crown**: of about five shillings value. III. ii. p. 108.
- Fubbed off**: put off with specious pretexts. II. i. p. 53.
- Full points**: a full stop. II. iv. p. 79.
- Fustian**: ridiculous. II. iv. p. 80.
- Fustilarian**: an abusive epithet coined by Falstaff (reminiscent of 'fusty' and 'fustian'). II. i. p. 54.
- Galloway nags**: common hackneys. II. iv. p. 80.
- Gan**: began. I. i. p. 32.
- Garland**: crown. V. ii. p. 158.
- Gave them out**: calculated them to be. IV. i. p. 110.

Glossary

- Gibbets-on:** slings the buckets on to the hook of the yoke on which they are carried in transferring the beer from the vats into barrels. III. ii. p. 105.
- Giddy:** unstable, hot-headed. IV. v. p. 148.
- Gird:** gibe, jeer. I. ii. p. 36.
- Good case:** comfortable circumstances. II. i. p. 56.
- Grafting:** grafting. V. iii. p. 161.
- Grate on:** irritate, harass. IV. i. p. 118.
- Green:** fresh in mind. IV. v. p. 148.
- Groat:** a fourpenny piece. I. ii. p. 45.
- Grows to:** is natural to. I. ii. p. 39.
- Guarded:** adorned, trimmed. IV. i. p. 110.
- Half-kirtles:** probably, short skirts or petticoats attached to a jacket. V. iv. p. 168.
- Handling:** (trisyllabic). IV. i. p. 116.
- Hands:** "of my —," for my proportions. II. ii. p. 63.
- Hangs:** suspends. IV. i. p. 118.
- Haply:** perhaps, very likely. I. i. p. 27.
- Haunch:** the latter part. IV. iv. p. 136.
- Hautboy:** a wood-wind instrument (the modern *oboe*). III. ii. p. 109.
- Have at him:** I'm his man. I. ii. p. 44.
- Head:** "make —," take arms, gather an army. I. i. p. 33.
- Headland:** the strip of unploughed land left at the end of the furrows. V. i. p. 151.
- Heat:** pursuit. IV. iii. p. 127.
- Heavy:** mourning. V. ii. p. 155.
- Hence:** henceforth. V. v. p. 172.
- Hilding:** base, slavish. I. i. p. 23.
- Hinckley:** a market-town in Leicestershire. V. i. p. 151.
- History:** relate, chronicle. IV. p. 118.
- Hold:** stronghold. Induc. p. 25; carry out. IV. i. p. 118.
- Hold sortance:** accord, be in keeping with. IV. i. p. 109.
- Holland:** linen, with quibble on 'Holland' (in allusion to Poins's illegitimate children, swaddled in his old shirts). II. ii. p. 62.
- Honey-seed:** Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'homicide.' II. i. p. 54.
- Honey-suckle:** Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'homicidal.' II. i. p. 54.
- Hopes:** prospects. I. iii. p. 46.
- How:** what's the selling price of. III. ii. p. 96.
- Humorous:** capricious. IV. iv. p. 133.
- Humours of blood:** caprices of nature. II. iii. p. 70.
- Hunt-counter:** are on the wrong scent. I. ii. p. 39.
- Hurly:** hurly-burly, uproar. III. i. p. 90.
- Husband:** husbandman. V. iii. p. 161.
- Ill-sorted:** given a low suggestion. II. iv. p. 78.
- Imbrue:** draw blood. II. iv. p. 80.
- Immediate:** next in blood. IV. v. p. 140.
- Imp:** scion, youngster. V. v. p. 171.
- Indeed:** (?) induced (Mason). I. iii. p. 48. (See Notes.)
- Indifferency:** reasonable proportions. IV. iii. p. 126.
- Indited:** Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'invited.' II. i. p. 53.
- Infer:** suggest. V. v. p. 170.
- Infinitive:** Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'infinite.' II. i. p. 53.
- Insinewed:** allied. IV. i. p. 116.
- Instance:** proof. III. i. p. 94.
- Instances:** evidences. I. i. p. 28.
- Intended:** implied, understood. IV. i. p. 116.
- Intervallums:** intervals, intermission. V. i. p. 153.
- Invested:** "well —," armed with full authority. IV. iv. p. 132.

Glossary

- Investments:** vestments. IV. i. p. 111.
- Iron man:** clad in armour. IV. ii. p. 119.
- Jade:** worn-out horse. I. i. p. 28.
- Joint-stools:** folding chairs. II. iv. p. 89.
- Juvenal:** youth. I. ii. p. 36.
- Keech:** the spare fat of an animal rolled up by a butcher for the tallow merchant; hence a cant term for a butcher. II. i. p. 56.
- Kickshaws:** trifles, light dishes. V. i. p. 151.
- Kindly:** natural, filial. IV. v. p. 148.
- Kirtle:** a kind of tunic with a short petticoat attached. II. iv. p. 84.
- Lavish:** licentious. IV. iv. p. 185.
- Lay:** dwelt. III. ii. p. 106.
- Leather-coats:** russet apples. V. iii. p. 163.
- Leman:** sweetheart, lover. V. iii. p. 163.
- Lethe:** the river of oblivion in Hades, of whose water all souls were compelled to drink, after leaving Tartarus, that they might entirely forget the past. V. ii. p. 158.
- Lie:** lodge. IV. ii. p. 124.
- Lighten:** enlighten. II. i. p. 60.
- Like should:** probably will. I. iii. p. 50.
- Like well:** appear to be 'fit.' (Folios, *look well*.) III. ii. p. 98.
- Liking:** likening. II. i. p. 56.
- Lined:** 'bolstered up.' I. iii. p. 47.
- Livers:** the supposed seat of the passions. I. ii. p. 43.
- Loathly:** prodigious, monstrous. IV. iv. p. 188.
- Look beyond:** misjudge. IV. iv. p. 185.
- Looked:** anticipated. I. ii. p. 87.
- Low:** low-born ones. III. i. p. 90.
- Magnanimous:** courageous. III. ii. p. 101.
- Malt-worms:** ale-topers. II. iv. p. 86.
- Manage me:** handle. III. ii. p. 106.
- Mandrake:** a plant possessing soporific qualities, whose root was supposed to resemble the human figure, and to shriek when drawn from the earth. I. ii. p. 36.
- Man queller:** man-killer, murderer. II. i. p. 54.
- Many:** multitude. I. iii. p. 50.
- Mare:** nightmare. II. i. p. 55.
- Marks:** a *mark* = 18s. 4d. I. ii. p. 44.
- Marry:** corruption of 'Mary,' a mild oath. II. ii. p. 62.
- Martlemas:** Martinmas; occurs in November when the weather is usually broken up, hence applied figuratively to an old man. II. ii. p. 65.
- Matter:** "no such —," such is not the case. Induc. p. 24.
- Mechanical:** vulgar. V. v. p. 170.
- Medicine potable:** alluding to the solution of gold, *aurum potable*, produced by alchemists, and supposed to have wonderful healing power. IV. v. p. 146.
- Melting:** compassionate. IV. iv. p. 138.
- Mess:** broken portion, small quantity of any food. II. i. p. 56.
- Metal:** mettle, used in both senses. I. i. p. 81.
- Meta:** reckon, judge. IV. iv. p. 185.
- Mile:** if it were a *mile*. V. iii. p. 163.
- Miscarried:** perished. IV. i. p. 114.
- Misdoubts:** misgivings, fears. IV. i. p. 184.
- Misordered:** disordered. IV. ii. p. 121.
- Mode:** condition of affairs. IV. v. p. 143.

Glossary

- Model:** plan. I. iii. p. 48.
- Monstrous:** abnormal, anomalous. IV. ii. p. 121.
- More and less:** high and low. I. i. p. 85.
- Much!** an expression of angry contempt. II. iv. p. 77; "much of the father's substance," used ironically. III. ii. p. 100.
- Much ill:** seriously ill. IV. iv. p. 187.
- Muse:** wonder, marvel. IV. i. p. 116.
- Near:** intimate with. V. i. p. 158.
- Neif:** fist. II. iv. p. 80.
- Neighbour confines:** neighbouring borders. IV. v. p. 146.
- New-dated:** of recent date. IV. i. p. 109.
- Nice:** effeminate. I. i. p. 82; trivial. IV. i. p. 117.
- Nine worthies:** i.e. three Gentiles (Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar), three Jews (Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus), and three Christian Kings (King Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon). II. iv. p. 81.
- Noble:** a gold coin = 6s. 8d.; "twenty nobles" = £6 18s. 4d. II. i. p. 59.
- Noise:** band of musicians. II. iv. p. 72, V. iv. p. 168.
- Nut-hook:** a contemptuous variant of 'catch-pole.' V. iv. p. 163.
- Obedience:** obeisance. IV. v. p. 146.
- Observance:** reverence, homage. IV. iii. p. 126.
- Observed:** treated with deference. IV. iv. p. 138.
- O'er posting:** escaping, getting clear of. I. ii. p. 42.
- Offer:** menace. IV. i. p. 118.
- Offices:** stores and servants' apartments. I. iii. p. 48.
- Omit:** neglect. IV. iv. p. 138.
- One:** score. II. i. p. 63.
- Opposite:** opponent. I. iii. p. 49, IV. i. p. 109.
- Orchard:** garden. V. iii. p. 161.
- Order:** measures. III. ii. p. 102.
- Ostentation:** manifestation. II. ii. p. 63.
- Ousel:** blackbird. III. ii. p. 95.
- Out:** "will not —," will not fail you. V. iii. p. 164.
- Overlive:** outlive, survive. IV. i. p. 109.
- Overscuted:** (?) over-scoted, whipped. Taking the abusive sense of 'huswife,' Ray plausibly suggested 'over-switched huswives' = strumpets. III. ii. p. 107.
- Overween:** exhibit arrogance. IV. i. p. 115.
- Owches:** ornaments. II. iv. p. 74.
- Pantler:** servant in charge of the pantry. II. iv. p. 82.
- Parcal-gilt:** partly gilt (the raised ornamentation of goblets was often gilt). II. i. p. 56.
- Parcels:** particulars, details. IV. ii. p. 121.
- Part:** depart, disperse. IV. ii. p. 122; characteristic action. IV. v. p. 142.
- Particular:** "every course in his —," all the incidents set forth in detail and sequence. IV. iv. p. 136.
- Passing:** surprisingly. IV. ii. p. 123.
- Pawned:** pledged. IV. ii. p. 125.
- Peasant:** country, provincial. Induc. p. 25.
- Peascod-time:** when the peapods are formed but not ripened. II. iv. p. 88.
- Persistency:** stubborn persistence in evil ways. II. ii. p. 63.
- Peruse:** review, observe. IV. ii. p. 124.
- Picking:** petty, trifling, fanciful. IV. i. p. 117.
- Point:** a tagged lace used to support the hose. I. i. p. 28; trumpet-blast as a signal. IV. i. p. 111.
- Points:** laces; mark of his commission. II. iv. p. 77.

Glossary

Ports: portals. IV. v. p. 140.
Posts: post-horses. IV. iii. p. 127.
Pottle-pot: half-gallon tankard. II. ii. p. 64.
Power: armed force. I. iii. p. 64.
Precepts: summonses. V. i. p. 151.
Pregnancy: quick wit, inventiveness. I. ii. p. 43.
Present: immediate. IV. iii. p. 129.
Presented: represented. V. ii. p. 158.
Prick: mark him on the list. III. ii. p. 101.
Pricked down: entered, registered. II. iv. p. 86.
Proface: an Anglicised form of the Italian *prò vi faccia*, 'much good may it do you' (spoken in good fellowship without irony). V. iii. p. 162.
Project: fancying, expectation. I. iii. p. 48.
Proof: tested and proved valour. IV. iii. p. 180.
Proper: handsome. II. ii. p. 63; own. V. ii. p. 159.
Propose: suppose, imagine, picture. V. ii. p. 158.
Pulsidge: Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'pulse.' II. iv. p. 73.
Purchased: 'acquired by my own act' (a legal sense of the word). IV. v. p. 148.
Quantities: little pieces. V. i. p. 158.
Quean: hussy. II. i. p. 54.
Queasiness: qualms, nausea. I. i. p. 85.
Quit: safe. III. ii. p. 104.
Quittance: requital, return. I. i. p. 31.
Quiver: nimble. III. ii. p. 106.
Quoif: "sickly —," head bandage or cap worn in illness. I. i. p. 32.
Quoit: shore. II. iv. p. 80.
Ragged: rugged. Induc. p. 25.
Ragged and forestalled remission: beggarly pardon granted prematurely because of my importunity. V. ii. p. 156.

Ragged'st: roughest. I. i. p. 88.
Rampallian: an abusive epithet, usually applied to a woman. II. i. p. 64.
Rascals: originally, lean deer not worth hunting. II. iv. p. 73.
Rash: explosive. IV. iv. p. 134.
Recordation to: memory of. II. iii. p. 71.
Red wheat: a late wheat. V. i. p. 151.
Remembered: reminded you, mentioned to you. V. ii. p. 160.
Remembrance: injunction. V. ii. p. 159.
Rendered: reported, related. I. i. p. 27.
Reputation: position. II. i. p. 58.
Resolved correction: the punishment determined upon. IV. i. p. 119.
Respect: consideration. I. i. p. 24.
Rheumatic: probably Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'splenetic' = choleric. II. iv. p. 74.
Rigol: circle. IV. v. p. 140.
Ripe: mature. IV. i. p. 109.
Rood: cross. III. ii. p. 94.
Rotten opinion: soiled reputation. V. ii. p. 160.
Roundly: without ceremony. III. ii. p. 95.
Routs: gangs. IV. i. p. 110.
Rowel-head: the axis of the revolving spiked tip. I. i. p. 28.
Royal-faiths: loyalty, fidelity to the King. IV. i. p. 117.
Sad: serious. V. i. p. 153.
Sadly: seriously, soberly. V. ii. p. 160. (*See Notes.*)
Samingo: San Domingo, the adopted patron-saint of topers. V. iii. p. 164. (*See Notes.*)
Satisfy: pay. II. i. p. 58.
Saving your manhoods: a variant of 'saving your reverence,' a deferential phrase. II. i. p. 58.
Scab: a low epithet [(?) punning on 'wart']. III. ii. p. 103.

Glossary

- Scalds with safety:** at the same time scorches and protects. IV. v. p. 140.
- Stray:** stragglers. IV. ii. p. 125.
- Sealed up:** confirmed. IV. v. p. 144.
- Sect:** sex. II. iv. p. 73.
- Semblable:** like, parallel. V. i. p. 153.
- Set off:** ignored, set aside. IV. i. p. 115.
- Seven stars:** the Pleiades (i.e. spent nights together). II. iv. p. 80.
- Shadows:** bogus names (for which the recruiting officer would receive pay). III. ii. p. 100.
- Sherrie-sack:** sherry, so named from the town of Xeres in Spain (*sack*, used as general name for Spanish wines). IV. iii. p. 130.
- Shot:** marksman. III. ii. p. 106.
- Shove-groat:** a game consisting of *shoving* the coin towards marked spots on a board. II. iv. p. 80.
- Shrove-tide:** the uproarious last days of carnival time, immediately before Lent. V. iii. p. 162.
- Sights:** eye-holes. IV. i. p. 114.
- Single:** feeble, silly. I. ii. p. 43.
- Slops:** wide loose trousers (generally called 'French slops'). I. ii. p. 37.
- Smooth-pates:** sleek-headed fellows. I. ii. p. 37.
- Sneap:** rebuke, snub. II. i. p. 57.
- Soft silencing:** gently rebuking. V. ii. p. 159.
- Soon at night:** this very night. V. v. p. 173.
- Sort:** manner. IV. v. p. 148.
- South:** south wind (all kinds of plagues and diseases were believed to be borne upon the south wind). II. iv. p. 87.
- Stand my good lord:** favour me. IV. iii. p. 129.
- Stand upon:** demand. I. ii. p. 37.
- State:** "your —," that kingly capacity. V. ii. p. 159.
- State of floods:** the majesty of the ocean. V. ii. p. 160.
- Stewed prunes:** a common article of diet at brothels. II. iv. p. 73.
- Still:** continually. Induc. p. 24.
- Still-discordant:** ever-discordant. Induc. p. 24.
- Stomach:** appetite. IV. iv. p. 137.
- Strange-achievéd:** amassed but set aside for their sons' use. IV. v. p. 142.
- Stratagem:** amazing and terrible deed. I. i. p. 26.
- Strond:** strand. I. i. p. 29.
- Studied:** inclined. II. ii. p. 61.
- Success of mischief:** a succession of calamities. IV. ii. p. 121.
- Successively:** by right of succession. IV. v. p. 148.
- Sufferance:** suffering. V. iv. p. 168.
- Suggestion:** instigation. IV. iv. p. 134.
- Supplies:** reserves. IV. ii. p. 121.
- Surecard:** an old name for 'boon-companion.' III. ii. p. 98.
- Suspire:** breathe. IV. v. p. 140.
- Sway on:** move in a solid body. IV. i. p. 110.
- Swinge-bucklers:** roysterers. III. ii. p. 95.
- Swinged:** thrashed. V. iv. p. 168.
- Tables:** = tablets, memoranda; here 'mistress,' 'confidante.' II. iv. p. 83.
- Ta'en up:** levied. IV. ii. p. 120.
- Take not the heat:** do not get the start of him. II. iv. p. 85.
- Taking up:** obtaining on credit. I. ii. p. 37.
- Tall:** valiant, sturdy. III. ii. p. 97.
- Tap for tap:** tit for tat. II. i. p. 60.
- Temperality:** Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'temper.' II. iv. p. 73.

Glossary

- Tempering**: becoming impressionable as wax. IV. iii. p. 181.
- Tester**: sixpence. III. ii. p. 106.
- Theme**: matter, business. I. iii. p. 47.
- Thews**: sinews. III. ii. p. 105.
- Thick**: rapidly, abruptly. II. iii. p. 69.
- Three-man beetle**: a wooden mallet for driving piles, wielded by three men. I. ii. p. 45.
- Tidy**: used as in modern slang, without any precise meaning. II. iv. p. 82.
- Tiring on**: riding furiously. Induc. p. 25.
- Tirrits**: Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'terrors.' II. iv. p. 80.
- Toward**: 'brewing,' preparing. II. iv. p. 80.
- Toys**: trifles, idle fancies. II. iv. p. 79.
- Traverse**: march. III. ii. p. 106.
- Trimmed in**: furnished with, satisfied in. I. iii. p. 50.
- Trip**: defeat. V. ii. p. 158.
- Turnbull Street**: Turnmill Street, in Clerkenwell, a notorious haunt of disreputable characters. III. ii. p. 107.
- Twelve score**: twelve score yards = 240 yards. III. ii. p. 96.
- Unfirm**: weak. I. iii. p. 49.
- Unseasoned**: untimely. III. i. p. 94.
- Up-swarmed**: made to swarm (like bees). IV. ii. p. 120.
- Utis**: "old —," great fun (derived from Fr., *huit*), originally revels held on the octave or eighth day of a festival. II. iv. p. 72.
- Vail his stomach**: humble his proud spirit. I. i. p. 32.
- Valuation**: estimation. IV. i. p. 117.
- Vantage of ground**: favourable opportunity. II. i. p. 55.
- Vaward**: vanguard. I. ii. p. 43.
- Vent**: aperture. Induc. p. 24.
- Vice**: grasp, clutches. II. i. p. 53.
- Vice's dagger**: the Vice of the old Moralities wore a 'dagger of lath,' hence Falstaff calls Shallow a 'lath.' III. i. p. 108.
- Wanton**: luxurious. I. i. p. 32.
- Warder**: staff of command. IV. i. p. 114.
- Wassall candle**: a large candle used at feasts. I. ii. p. 42.
- Watch-case**: sentry-box. III. i. p. 90.
- Water-work**: painting in water-colours, as substitute for tapestry hangings. II. i. p. 58.
- Well concealed**: smartly conceived, cleverly imagined. V. i. p. 152.
- Well encountered**: fortunately met. IV. ii. p. 119.
- Well said**: well done. V. iii. p. 61.
- What the good-year!** probably corrupted from Fr., *goujère*, a disease. II. iv. p. 74.
- Wheeson**: Whitsuntide. II. i. p. 56.
- Whipping-cheer**: whipping fare. V. iv. p. 167.
- Winking**: blindly, closing his eyes. I. iii. p. 48.
- Withal**: with. IV. ii. p. 124.
- Within a ken**: within sight. IV. i. p. 115.
- Witnessed usurpation**: witnessings of its usurpation. I. i. p. 29.
- Worst**: "the —," i.e. whichever may be the worst. V. ii. p. 155.
- Wrought the mure**: worn away the wall (the flesh). IV. iv. p. 137.
- Yeoman**: the sheriff's officer, an under-bailiff. II. i. p. 52.
- Zeal of God**: (?) seal of God. IV. ii. p. 120.







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